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"I said I will not walk with men to-day,
But I will go among the blessed trees,
Among the forest trees I'll take my way,
And they shall say to me what words they please.

And when I came among the trees of God
With all their million verses sweet and blest,
They gave me welcome. So I slowly trod
Their arched and lofty aisles with heart at rest."

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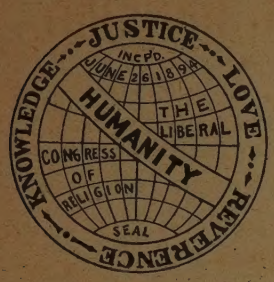
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1898. NUMBER 1.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

"You may not be able to leave your children a great inheritance, but day by day you may be weaving coats for them which they will wear through all eternity."

T. L. CUYLER, D. D.

The intense excitement among the Republicans of Wisconsin has subsided. The settlement is a unique one. The Scofield faction representing the machine spirit and method was successful in its nominations, but its candidates were nominated upon the Lafollette platform which is the cry for reform. Is it a case of the confiding shepherd who entrusted his lambs to the guardianship of the wolf?

Fifty canteens at camp Chicamagua, many car loads of beer sold each day. The trade stimulated and justified by the tempting conceit that a percentage of the profit is saved for the purchase of "extras" in the soldiers' bill of fare. Well does the *Universalist Leader* say, "The moral responsibility of the government in the corruption of its soldiers is by this brilliant invasion made fast and sure."

Dr. Gunsaulus' last literary effort, a biographical study of Gladstone, seems to be meeting with great success. The book is put out by the Monarch Book Company of Chicago, a company that sells its publications by subscription. It is to be regretted that a book dealing with so timely a theme as this should not find its way into the numberless avenues of the book trade without compelling it to pay the extra percentage which must necessarily go to the canvassers.

The Keeley Cure has ceased to be a seven-day wonder to some people and a glaring, successful medical humbug to others, but still in many ways and in many places it goes on in its quiet but persistent work of touching imbeciles with strength and staying the downward course of many a life. Philip D. Armour, a man not given to sentimental investments, as his great wealth will prove, has recently declared that he has sent over one hundred men, from book-keepers to butchers, to Dwight and Dr. Keeley has sent them back cured.

Prof. Graham Taylor in a recent number of the *Advance* tells of a laboring man whom he met on the train, who said, "I have determined to try to convert one hundred men to socialism. I do not let one day pass without an effort to win one." That very day this "mechanic-missionary" was returning from a great Chautauqua assembly where he had gone at his own expense for the purpose of distributing literature which he had bought with his own money. Mr. Taylor well adds, "Are there no suggestions in this example to those who have and are sent to give 'the gospel of the kingdom?'"

A gift of twenty-five thousand dollars by Mrs. Emmons Blaine of Chicago has enabled the University of Chicago to inaugurate an experimental training station for public school teachers in the down-town section of that district. The experiment is to be made for five years. Mrs. Blaine's donation is one more hopeful indication that wealth in this country is becoming conscientious and that capitalists are being touched with the corporate conscience. With the development of this conscience wealth will cease to be a reproach and capital instead of being a civic crime when it is selfish, will be the pride and shining ornament of society.

The distractions of the vacation time have prevented an earlier word of gratitude for that stalwart personality which has recently closed its earthly career, Parker Pillsbury, a brave warrior of the older type in American reform, a man who stood on the outer works of the line of progress. There was a time when he would be known by his negations and men would say, "He does not believe in slavery; he does not believe in the use of liquor; he does not believe in the creeds of the churches." But now men count his affirmations. He did believe in freedom. He did believe in self-control, which is temperance, and he did believe in free thought, in the religion of humanity,

in the gospel of the good life. He lived to a good old age and died young. He was a loving friend of the NEW UNITY and the cause it supports, and his word of encouragement has in the past many times come across the distances always to strengthen the work and cheer workers. Blessed be the memory of Parker Pillsbury, who must be wellnigh the last of that conspicuous army of which Garrison and Phillips were pre-eminent, but an army which knew no leader, for each worked from the within and not from the without.

"The Liberal Leaven Within the Church."

The following extract from a letter received by the General Secretary of the Liberal Congress from the gifted and beloved Professor Joseph LeConte of the California State University at Berkeley, will interest our readers in many ways. It is good to know that the Congress enjoys the sympathy of such a man and the incidental comment upon the religious situation contained therein is provocative of thought. He says:

"I am sorry, I am really grieved, that I must again say that I cannot come to you. Our University opens on the 15th of August and your Congress comes in the middle of the term. To be absent would destroy my course. Let me assure you however that there is no cause which lies so near my heart as this liberal movement. At last we seem to have found the right way to advance the cause of rational religion. Separation only makes both sides more extreme. The only way is to remain as a liberal leaven within the church. Only now for the first time has this been possible, but now the leaven is working and will continue to work until it quickens the whole inert mass. Enclosed I send you my subscription."

The above sentence from the wise scientist will grate harshly upon the ears of many liberals who still believe that honesty and efficiency in the cause of rational religion is found only in emigration, the call for consistency and the demand that the letter of the creed should be respected and that there must be renewed subscription to the dogmas of the church or open dissent and departure therefrom. Far be it from us to encourage intellectual confusion or to underestimate the value of intellectual honesty. Our own attitude towards this problem must be clear to anyone acquainted therewith; but one thing is very clear, liberality has grown so rapidly and the liberals in religion are now so numerous that no emigration can keep pace with it. Another thing is obvious, that the spirit of the creeds and what might be called the historic investment thereof, command respect even when the letter offends. Those born inside or who have grown up unwittingly and unconsciously into theological environments which poorly fit their present proportion may be compared to the situation of the democrat in a monarchial government. There are thousands of Englishmen who have but little use for a crown, who recognize the fact that the inherited "Nobility" is an incongruity and sometimes an absurdity in the light of modern thought and present development. What are such to do, cease to be Englishmen, move out of the country and go to Republican America or stay inside their inheritance, profit by their patrimony and seek to elevate and ennoble the same?

This question becomes the more embarrassing when we remember that if they come to the United States where Democracy has an immense theoretic advantage but where the practical application of the same oftentimes falls even below the democratic realization of England. The spirit of freedom may be more realized under the letter of monarchy than it is in the United States realized under the letter of democracy in many respects. All this goes but to show the complexity of the situation and that there are more ways than one into which the spirit of the age is working itself out into clearness and purity. If religion was simply a matter of doctrine, or were it chiefly a matter of doctrine the emigrant might realize it by emigrating; but religion is only incidentally a matter of doctrine. Primarily it is a matter of sympathy and of application. It is life and not creed, and in the most creed-bound churches the non-credal element is the more important and is the more permanent element, particularly in these days when interest in the theological phases of religion is supplanted by a far reaching interest in the sociological phases of religion. On the basis of helpfulness and of love the liberals inside and outside of the churches are coming into more and more conscious fraternity. What will be the ultimate disposition of the creeds formulated in unscientific and pre-evolution days is not a matter of much conjecture on our part, but we can trust evolution to use this material bequeathed to us by previous organisms in its own way and for its own ends. It is for us to seek the real kinships that underlie and overarch these difficulties, to establish a fellowship that ignores the technical differences and recognizes the real underlying unities.

OUTSIDE OF SOCIETY,—the first point or inner circle of which is the family,—man cannot fulfill his duty to his fellowmen and his God. Care for others, benevolence, makes one at bottom happier than self-interest, but we must, withal, still assert ourselves in the expression of our powers; our action would have no worth nor merit unless it flowed from the free impulse of goodwill. Other standards may hold good for those called to take charge at the helm of state. I grant that without argument; I only say, for us in the rank of citizens, the family unites equally duty and natural impulse. How can he untrained in the most unselfish family relations, presume to take part in the great battle of humanity for right and truth."—*Moses Mendelssohn.*

Notes by W. M. Backus.

One feature of modern life that seems to have escaped extended comment is the great multiplicity of lodges. Their growth is a phenomena that is not altogether accounted for by the love of the mysterious, such as grips, passwords, and secret initiatory rites. It would seem that the cause of the epidemic is the fratenizing spirit of the lodge, and also its protection and care in case of illness. There are lodges for men and lodges for women, and lodges for men and women combined. Lodges for children have not as yet been started, but I suspect that we may look for them at any time. The necessity for a place to leave the children causing the supply. The effect of the lodge is pernicious from the fact that it destroyes family life. Formerly I wondered to see men so fond of the lodge, which took them from their homes, but now my wonder is greater to see women leave their homes and children to go to the lodge. There is nothing so beautiful as a united family life, and this is destroyed the moment the principle interest in life goes beyond its circle, hence the evil of the lodge. I do not believe its effects to be wholly evil, but it is certainly erecting a lesser ideal in the place of the greater Perhaps, however, the spread of the lodge spirit is only a necessary step to its overthrow and the establishment of a better home life because men will finally see that the evil of the mother's leaving the home for the lodge is only greater than the father's. If there is to be a growth of lodge life let it recognize family ties.

The rise of mental healing gives one who watches its development some cause for uneasiness. It has already its charlatans and quacks. Much as one dislikes to see legislation lay its coarse hand upon such a delicate thing as mental cure, yet, considering the fact that mind is so much more delicate than matter that a quack in mental cure can do much more damage than a quack in the physical domain, it would seem that some recognized standard of attainment should be required before the healer should be allowed to practice. That there is healing value in suggestion no intelligent man denies to-day, but knowledge alone can determine when and how it should be used.

I rather suspect that a preacher I heard discourse upon the president's message of thanksgiving for the victory at Santiago rather went beyond what the president intended. One of his very dramatic utterances was, "Who aimed those guns that destroyed the ships of Spain? the Lord Almighty!" Yet I do not know but what he carried out the logic of the message. But what a God who attains his end by the destruction of his creatures by his own immediate act! By the way, what a waste it is for the American gunners to use so much ammunition in target practice.

The waning power of evangelicalism is causing a note of alarm to rise from its many sects. The gain of sacardotalism of late is remarkable. In Germany the Roman Catholic church is gaining with strides and bounds. In France the church is rising in a new and vigorous growth. In England evangelicalism is nearly dead among the Anglican clergy. In America it has but a shadow of its former power, however great its numbers may be. In the large cities the growth in numbers and power goes to the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches. The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* (M. E.) took a census of the attendance at 447 churches, in the largest cities the average being 182. This same falling away is visible in the other evangelical bodies, perhaps in a slighter degree. What is its cause? The prevalence of doubt which makes men fly to authority, or disbelief and indifference which makes them seek the forms of religion for aesthetic pleasure or social status seem to me to better two chief causes. The exceptional preachers who fill their churches are the ones to whom the old is still a living message or those who satisfy the poetic or dramatic instinct in man. Liberalism as represented by churches does not profit by this condition of affairs. Its power was greater when the lines were definitely drawn between it and evangelicalism. Then it was a protest; now, as a practical religious force, it depends upon the individual preacher, and the half leavened liberalism of the age has not received the moral earnestness of a great purpose.

What a grand day it would be for humanity if this great liberel force—a power without direction—could be gathered into working order and made to use its energies for some purpose worthy of itself. Where is the prophet that is to lead us? Can the Liberal Congress of Religions prove the Israel to produce the needed Messiah?

Gladstone's Religious Views.

Much has been published of the late British statesman, Gladstone, but scarcely anything of his religious views. That he was substantially in accord with the religion of the "chosen people" and the liberal Quakers is evident from his declaration which is as follows: "It may be that we shall find Christianity itself is in some sense a scaffolding, and that the final building is a pure and perfect theism where the Kingdom shall be delivered up to God that 'God may be all in all.'"

The distinguished author of the "Declaration of Independence" was also a Theist, and expressed the following: "I trust there is not a young man now living in this country who will not die a Unitarian." Prof. Asa Gray, the eminent author and member of a Presbyterian church, asserted that he was a convinced Theist.

All thoroughly equipped theological investigators are aware that the Nazarine reaffirmed the Theistic teachings of the "chosen people" and the test of his discipleship was, "If ye have love one for another." Gladstone was undoubtedly in accord with the Theistic school and in line with the lofty ethics illustrated by Hillel, the teacher of Christ, and that great modern seer, Emerson. The former asserted that the quintessence of all religions was embraced in the simple admonition, "Be good, my boy; be good, my boy." Devout thinkers recognize the presence and potency of that enlightening and eternal energy referred to by the seer, "If ye seek me you shall find me, if you search for me with your whole heart."

QUAKER.

Midsummer.

Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat
Just where the field and forest meet,
Where grow the pine trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row,
With even strokes their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring,
Behind the nimble youngsters run
And toss the thick swaths in the sun;
The cattle graze; while warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, when summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.
The butterfly and bumble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
The chicken skulks behind the rail,
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.

Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tingling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house,
The oriole flashes by; and, look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain blue-bird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
Oh, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read;
A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;
The holy silence of His voice:
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

Notes by E. P. Powell.

The *Scientific Review* of Paris contains a notable article on "Why do We Live?" The author thinks that it is impossible to reduce the argument down to anything less than final causes, or a final cause. "The struggle for life is only a fact. Can we go farther? Ought we not to assert that life consists in a tendency to live; that is of a sort of proximate finality. The ultimate finality is hidden from us. But we have made a step in advance, if we have shown that beings are organized for the purpose of life. We can only say all takes place as if *nature had willed* that life should be." To all which we answer, that a thorough study of the evolution theory carries us forward, or backward if you please, to the conviction that nothing is but life; that life is not *willed* but that it *wills*. We have to conceive of the great, eternal, imminent, all-filling Life. In that Life we live; and all other life finds its place. The fundamental part of Nature or the Universe is Life. It is not caused; it causes.

The *New York Observer* insists that Admiral Cervera was beaten because he made his dash out of Santiago Harbor on the Sabbath day. It says, "When the sun set that Sabbath, its last reproachful beams slanted across the smoking hulks of the fleet of the proud Spaniard, who deliberately broke up religious meetings in the hope of gaining a strategic success. But the stars in their courses fought against Cervera. God is not mocked; nor can his commandments and sacred sanctions ever be impugned with safety." Would it be possible to crowd more nonsense into the same space? Can it be possible that a great newspaper, the organ of one of the best educated sects in America, has a clientage that believes this sort of bosh to be logic —or religion? The commandment which orders the Sabbath days' rest, orders also six days labor. Is it not possible that Cervera's defeat was owing to his breach of *that* part of the commandment? Had he not hid in the harbor and frittered away his only chance for a successful fight? When will Christians begin to put the emphasis on the *six days labor* as strongly as they put it on the one days rest? God and nature hate a lazy lubber worse than a restless worker.

A thorough study of Bismark will bring us to this fact, and you will find it to be the fundamental fact of his nature—not that he was so much a man of blood and iron, but that he was a man of dreams and visions. Every time in this world's history it turns out that the man who believs in ideals, and who can see through common things, and vision ideals, that man will accomplish the most for his country or for the world. Measuring Bismark from a national standpoint, he was a mighty seer, a prophet before he was a doer. He could see a great German, where others could only see a cluster of German principalities. You may say the same thing of Gladstone; although his visional power was more international than national. He saw along the line of religion as well as of civics; and foresaw what he has taught the English nation to forsee, an Anglo-Saxon federation all around the world. The United States has of late suffered from a lack of men of vision, great seers, and prophetic minds. For fifty years at least it has been breeding men to look after nothing farther or greater than a well-protected and thoroughly limited American republic—a republic living for itself, in itself, and by itself. The grandest man in American history, all in all, is Thomas Jefferson, and he was sneered at by practical men because of his idealism and determination to see ethics in politics. But he created the American nation of to-day. We owe to him the democracy of the people; the university system of education; the possibility of sloughing off slavery; a sound monetary principle; and much more that belongs to the historian to tell.

One of our German contemporaries shows that only 10 per cent of all immigration into the United States since 1841 has been English, while the Germans have numbered over 4,000,000 out of 14,000-000. It concludes that, "In the light of history our Anglo-Saxon character appears as but an enormous Yankee humbug." O, then! but you must add that all this German element, if not Anglo-Saxon is of the same kin; and we are not going to let our German brothers deny their relationship. It would be far pleasanter if the German branch of the family did not take it so much to heart that the United States is proud of the fact that its institutions, its literature, its educational system, its heroes, and its masterly power shaping the elements which come to our shores, is all of the Anglo-Saxon sort. No matter what becomes an element in the nation, it must submit to the Anglo-Saxon stamp—it must speak the Anglo-Saxon language. Yes, indeed, we all are Anglo-Saxon.

We believe that the general public sentiment of the United States demands as a basis of peace, not so much the mere freedom of the dependencies of Spain as the establishment of free government. Let it be set down as our just requirement of Spain that she shall withdraw not only from Cuba and Porto Rico, but from the Phillipines and the Caroline Islands and the Ladrones; because everywhere she has utterly failed to comprehend a rational colonial system. And as for us, we are bound not simply to declare Cuba and the rest free to do as their inhabitants choose, but we are morally bound to establish and sustain for every one of them a government that is free according to the light of the close of the nineteenth century. We are fighting not Spaniards but medievalism. Meanwhile we shall deliver Spain from a false colonian system, and a dishonorable code of honor. Her own people can then rise to a renewal of national life.

The party automaton, who votes as a part of the machine, may not be the meanest character developed by American life, but he is least in accordance with American genius. The very foundation idea of our republican institutions was and is individuality. That we should now develop a vast army of leaders and managers who are absolutely subservient to the will of the boss is surprising. Does it indicate that we are passing away from the spirit which inspired the founding of the republic? Are we about to develop into a vast political mechanism, in which individualism will be lost, and nothing will be apparent but the cogs in the wheels? I do not believe that partyism and bossism in their present phase are anything more than a temporary development.

A reader of NEW UNITY asks me if I did not make a mistake in so warmly commending that remarkable and startling romance called the "Forest Lovers." He reminds me that it is strongly of the realistic sort in its discussion of matters generally left out of print. I have carefully read the book, and it reminds me strongly of the days when our fathers forbade their children to read novels, to play with cards, or attend theaters. No exceptions were made. Nothing was left to the exercise of judgment. But we have gradually grown into the understanding that it is better to teach our young people to read novels that are approved by their moral and intellectual natures, and to go to theaters on the same understanding. We still hold fast, however, to the old idea that sexual intemperence and disorder can be controled only by secrecy and silence. Possibly we may reach the same decision on this point that we have on some others, that it is safer to fairly discuss all the functions with which we are endowed by nature, and to rely for their wise control upon a trained and cultivated judgment. Puritanism knew but absolutely one way of escaping licentiousness,—that was by the marriage bond. We are just learning that the marriage bond has by no means proved capable of insuring true purity and sexual honor.

Now that the *Independent* has become a magazine, it has gone into the publishing of stories, novels and novelettes. The number for July 28 has a remarkably good one on "The Death of John Paine," by Rebecca Harding Davis, and a just as painfully bad one by Herbert D. Ward. The pathos of Joseph Cook is more than offset by articles by General Howard and Elizabeth B. Bates.

The papers, inspired by interested parties, have published of late a vast amount of abusive, and to some extent, false articles, concerning the Cubans. We need not undertake to set up these degraded, debased and outraged people as ideals, but General Lawton writes from Santiago that when they are well fed and uniformed they make admirable soldiers. "You would never know the keen, alert, ready man of to-day, who brings his piece up promptly to the salute, as the ragged, half-starved and wholly dirty refugee, who constituted the so-called army under Garcia. The men shoot better than any people of the Spanish blood I have ever seen."

The President of the New York Council has made a speech urging an ordinance against profanity and vicious language in public. He declares that decent people ought to be protected from the language of indecent people. This is true; and while it might be very difficult to draw the line between proper language and improper, it would do no harm if the law took some cognizance of filth in speech. It is not uncommon to hear adult men, who certainly know better, using the vilest language before children. However, all this is nothing compared with the habit of reputable men retailing to each other nasty stories. There is not a possible excuse for this demonstration of soul rot. A campaign of common sense will, however, probably reach it quicker than a statute.

Will nothing teach those who advocate military education that it is utterly useless. Three months ago the United States had an army of 26,500 men. To-day we have 280,000 men capable of fighting the armies of the older nations—armies that have been kept drilled and classified as "standing armies." We have conscripted no one; but, on the contrary, thousands of men anxious to enlist have been refused. We could have raised twice as many men in the same time if they had been needed. And let it be understood clearly that the morals of these men and their general fighting capacity is not surpassed in the world—that it is far better than that of the English troops in India and in Africa. If we can believe what the English themselves say of their Indian troops, and what is said of the French army, we must decide that standing armies are constantly undergoing a degenerating process, which quite counterbalances the advantage of more perfect drill. We sincerely hope that the United States will not enter upon any plan which will incorporate the military idea npon the public school system—or elsewhere.

When a vessel is launched by Japanese, they do not "christen" it as we do; but, instead, they hang over the ship's prow a large pasteboard cage full of birds. Directly the ship is afloat, a man pulls a string, and the cage opens and the birds fly off, and make the air alive with their songs and the whir of their wings. The idea is that the birds welcome the vessel as she begins her career as a thing of life—*Christian Register.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Two Months in the Rockies.

It was in the pleasant company of the Chicago contingent of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in what we called "Mrs. Henrotin's train," that a large number of us left home on June 17th, on the road to Denver, where the now famous Biennial was to open five days later. We made a two days stop at Omaha, at the invitation of the Exposition people, where a course of meetings, receptions and lunches was arranged in our honor by the Women's Club, a foretaste of that spirit of liberal hospitality which governs all this Western region.

On Sunday it was the pleasure of the writer to stand beside Mr. Mann in the Unitarian pulpit and make acquaintance with the faithful flock who have listened to his wise and helpful teachings these many years. In the afternoon a meeting of more general character was held in the Congregational church, in charge of Mrs. Stoutenborough, president of the State Federation, herself an excellent platform speaker and loyal worker in good causes.

At midnight we boarded thetrain for Denver. The journey was full of intense interest to many of us, riding over those vast stretches of treeless plains for the first time. We watched the funny antics of the prairie dogs, noted the beautiful wild blossoms with which nature has redeemed these arid spaces, and chatted with each other; for after all the human bond is the strongest in this world, and folks are more interesting than anything else. At last we caught sight of that deeper haze on the horizon which told us we were nearing the mountains, and soon peak after peak disclosed itself until the whole earth seemed to spurn the level and roll upwards in huge triumphant billows of purple and azure.

The report of the way we were received and taken possession of at Denver, the boundless, not to say rapacious, hospitality which literally pursued us from day to day, has been told many times. It was all very delightful, but I am not sure there was not a grain of excess in it. I fancied I detected the point, once or twice, where this persistent kindness, this fixed determination to do for us what sometimes we should have been required to do for ourselves, reached the nature of a disease. We were not even allowed to pay car fare without a friendly contest, the few nickels we did contribute to the coffers of the street railways being surreptiously thrust into the conductor's hand when the eye of no watchful resident was upon us, the conductor himself wearing a dissatisfied air, as if in protest against such irregular proceedings. At the end of my two-months stay, when it would seem as if some of the penalties against visiting strangers might have been abated, I invited a friend to a down-town lunch. She accepted by inviting me to dinner at the same hour and place. At table I argued and entreated in behalf of my own rights of hostship, but she only regarded me with surprised pity. Then I plucked up my spirit and began to abuse. I said the Denver people had many virtues of an active, aggressive order, but they were sadly lacking in others. I reminded her it was more blessed to give than to receive, but that I had not been allowed to experience that kind of blessedness for months. I taunted her with always wanting to extend benefits and never receive any. At least I said some of these things to her and thought of the rest afterward; but it was of no use. She simply continued to look as if she was ashamed of me, and pocketed the check.

I cannot take space to particularize the programme. I dislike the exaggerated terms with which we women are given to describing our achievements, but the Denver Biennial was undoubtedly a great occasion in many important and just respects. First, it was great on the spectacular side. That was a thrilling sight on the opening morning at Broadway theater, packed from pit to dome with eight hundred delegates and an almost equal number of visitors, when one looked upon those tiers upon tiers of strong, refined womanly faces and reflected that here was represented in culture, character and social influence the best womanhood of our times. Just the massing together for a five-days' series of debates on high themes, such an array of women gathered from every part of the union, all animated by a common purpose, the love of progress, this in itself was a great thing to do.

The work of the General Federation, thus far, under the skillful and broad-minded leadership of the retiring president, has been to popularize in the best sense of the term the club movement. The club itself and the women doing its work have grown together in mental scope and practical usefulness, until it is hard to say which is most active agent. The great merit of the club is that it has offered to woman a means of culture and self-expression which she has failed to find elsewhere. It has opened her mind, deepened her sympathies, and taught her the great virtue of self-reliance. It has helped, as nothing else could, to abolish petty lines of social and theological difference, and to bring women together on the basis of personal worth and fitness. The federation movement has accomplished the same end on a larger scale, and with that rapidity of execution which every movement secures when it has gained so large and influential a following as this. In numbers, in its wide representative character, and in the personal worth and ability of its members, the Federation is truly great. Yet it is also true that it already shows some innate weaknesses and the line of its future usefulness is not easy to determine. It is too big, and with a new and larger basis of representation it will become bigger, growing unwieldly, difficult to direct and manage. The practical question of how to house such an assembly in a place that will at once hold it and permit the average woman speaker's poor voice to be heard, is already a difficult one. Along with this is a deeper problem to be solved, that concerning the real object of the Federation itself. Now that we have it, what shall we do with it? What great good single work or object shall it undertake, or ought it to undertake any such? Perhaps a sufficient object has been attained on that spectacular side of which I have already spoken, in the splendid exhibit of womanly brains, talent and consecration here shown. Perhaps it is

not for concentrated effort on any single line the Federation should stand, but for a general diffusion of womanly intelligence and sympathy, that kind of influence George Eliot describes as growing "in diffusion ever more intense." It may be these biennial gatherings are to serve as a general clearing house of ideas along the line of woman work, as the Liberal Congress serves for the different churches and sects entering into its deliberations. So be it! The end will be a high and needed one. Still, some of us who hope to see certain definite things done before we die, cannot but envy the possession of this great moral engine. But, right here, we must remember that the indirect influence of such an organization towards the accomplishment of many of these special reforms it would never assume as its own object is very great. Thus, at the Denver meeting, the aid received in this indirect way to the suffrage cause through the address of Governor Adams and in the acquaintance made with the voting women of Colorado, was greater than that gained in a dozen suffrage conventions. I know of more than one halting sister who returned from Denver with her last feeble scruples allayed, her last flickering prejudice completely extinguished. Alice Stone Blackwell was present, and though serving neither as delegate nor regular speaker, no one present received a warmer welcome than she. The new president, Mrs. Lowe, is an active worker for suffrage in her own state.

The interest in the programme centered in the work of practical social reform. The session devoted to Working Girls' clubs, in charge of Mrs. Evans of Chicago, presented a new theme most ably handled. It may be a mistake to individualize, but if there was any one speaker whom all wanted to hear, and who had a distinct message to impart, that one was Jane Addams. If there was one who might be spoken of as the personage of the occasion, it was the quiet little lady of Hull House, who shrinks before the popular plaudits she receives as from a cold wind. And in this connection I am tempted to make a general observation or two on the kind of public influence women seek, and the ways in which they hope to gain it. Talent, pluck, industry, sometimes sheer accident, any one of these may serve the desired end and bring a woman to the front. Occasionally it is a consecrated purpose; and how quick, after all, this dull old world is to recognize the real thing. How vain and false seem those accessories to fame on which so many distinguished and semi-distinguished women depend, in their trunks full of rich dresses and loaded jewel cases. The woman of the period has emancipated herself from many bonds, but she remains still a willing slave to the dressmaker. The toilets at Denver were of a bewildering variety and richness, showing that woman is still a creature of costumes. A new word has been invented, and the woman who has won fame as writer, speaker or public reformer, when fashionably attired, is now rapturously hailed as a "well-gowned" woman; the virtue of final saving distinction. I know this sort of thing is defended on the ground that "it is woman's chief duty to be beautiful," and that the "advanced" woman must do all she can to atone for her superiority and conciliate popular favor by dressing as much like, or as much better than, other people as she can. Yet I have not observed that the women truly distinguished have paid much attention to such advice. Fancy telling Susan B. Anthony or Clara Barton or Jane Addams that their first duty is to be beautiful! Fancy hearing any one of these, or others like them, described in the morning papers as "well-gowned." Many of the most thoughtful women at Denver went home with feelings sadly disturbed over the constant dress exhibition attendant upon both the public and private functions of the Federation. It is not the standards of the fashionable drawing-room that should prevail on such occasions. When women meet in the great interests of civilization and humanity they should leave social emulation and display behind them. It is in vain we aim to teach the higher ethics of simplicity, sincerity, purity, unless we demonstrate them in our daily living and doing. Women have conquered many a stronghold of passion and prejudice which lies in the world outside; will they ever learn to conquer themselves, their own foolish vanities?

On Federation Sunday the pulpits of the city were generally turned over to the women. Florence Kollock Crooker spoke her own word of inspiration and power at the Universalist church, Mrs. Learned, of St. Louis, our unordained minister, occupied the pulpit of the Christian church. I was glad my own lot fell to Unity, now in charge of our old friend Mr. Utter.

Following the week in Denver came five days in Salt Lake City, one of the most unique and perplexing products of our American civilization. Here I found Rev. Mila Tupper Maynard and her husband in the double pastorate of the Unitarian church, where they have made many friends and have a large promise of future usefulness. A Mother's Congress was in session, on whose platform Mormon and Gentile women stood side by side; a kind of contact that will secure more good than any sought through legislative enactments. From Salt Lake back to Manitou, in the heart of the mountains for a week's rest in their still enclosure. Six miles away I found another Unitarian church at Colorado Springs, in charge of Rev. Wm. H. Fish, Jr., who about two years ago expatriated himself from New England on account of his wife's health. But neither Mr. or Mrs. Fish have any sense of banishment. They are delighted with their new home, and with reason, for Colorado Springs with its university and general air of ease, quiet and luxury is not at all unlike Cambridge. I wish we might import more helpers like these two to our Western field. At Cañon City is a Sunday circle under the fostering care of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Burrage, ardent Unitarians of the best New England stock. On July 24th I visited Greeley for an evening service, stopping four hours at Boulder, the seat of the State University, where the Texas-Colorado Chatauqua was in full progress. One of the most popular lecturers here was Mrs. Jean Sherwood in the Art talks she has made so successful at the Chicago Noon-day Rests. Graham Taylor, of the Chicago Commons, was also here for a week's stay. The church at Greeley is without a pastor at present, but it is able to supply a good-sized congregation to the wandering preacher. Two Sundays out of eight were spent in willing idleness in a second

visit to Manitou. Then came the return trip homewards, with a stopover two additional Sundays at Omaha. The Iowa Conference is undertaking to supply the pulpit here during Mr. Mann's vacation, in order to keep an open church-home through the Exposition. On the 10th of last July the editor of NEW UNITY and Dr. Thomas inaugurated what was meant to be a series of Sunday afternoon services at the Auditorium on the grounds. With two such beacon lights of the faith the opening service was successful, but the experiment was abandoned shortly after for various reasons, the chief lying in the refusal of the management to lower the admission fee on Sundays. On August 14th the attempt was again renewed, and other services are to follow. The day was swelteringly hot, the attendance small, but with the aid of Prof. Kelly at the organ, and one of the leading tenors of the city in the singing, and under the presiding offices of Rev. T. J. Mackaye, of the Episcopal Church, we gathered the interested few to the front and had our service.

I wonder if the editor-in-chief has heard of the little controversial breeze in theologic circles which followed his latest visit, when, the Unitarian church proving too small, he preached in the First Methodist pulpit, Mr. Mann and Mr. McQuoid, the resident clergyman, assisting. The spectacle of two Unitarians officiating in a Methodist pulpit by the side of the minister in charge is not a usual one, and our Methodist friend did not escape censure. But his reply was of the sort that shows he belongs to the new era of religious toleration and hospitality, and nobody has suffered except the short-sighted people who ventured to object.

We have here a beautiful reproduction, on a smaller scale, of the White City, in the buildings covered with glittering staff grouped about a pretty lagoon spanned with artistic bridges. The electric display at night is especially fine.

One thing I am particularly glad to chronicle—there is no "Woman's Building." Early in the history of the enterprise the women were approached by the management and asked to help. They did so with a will. They have an able representative on the grounds in the person of Mrs. Frances M. Ford, who has general charge of the Educational Work, including the congresses; but the exhibits of the women are placed side by side with those of the men, as they should be. The Woman's Building at our World's Fair was little more than a splendid nullity, a highly successful accomplishment of an object that should never have been undertaken.

And now, it is with sun-tanned skin, body newly strengthened, and mind and heart refreshed, I face homewards again, to look once more on the foam-flecked waves of Lake Michigan, and breathe in her lusty airs. It is a beautiful world, with one kind of beauty on the shore, another in the mountains. Shall we complain because we cannot have mountain and shore both at once? Rather rejoice that the world is so big in beauty and blessing wherever we go, that wonders grow and multiply, and the cause for love and thanksgiving is everywhere present. Nature's bounty grows into man's generosity, and, dwelling in the world of nature and the world of man, it is alike pleasant and good to be alive.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Omaha, Aug. 16, 1898.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid.

The Conflict of Science.

It is said that when the Panama railway was built, for every tie in the railway a man laid down his life. Whether this be true or not, it may serve as an illustration of the progress of human knowledge. Every step in the advance of science has cost the life of a man; and what men they were!—the wisest, bravest, and most devoted of our species; men whose life and death have hallowed our old earth, and made our common lives worth living because their lives were possible.

And this price of truth has been paid in two different ways. It takes a lifetime of the severest labor to find out a new fact. No truth comes to man unless he asks for it; and it takes years of patience and devotion to ask of Nature even one new question. He is already a master in science who can suggest a new experiment.

In the second place, each truth-seeker has had to struggle for his physical life. Each acquisition of truth has been resisted by the full force of the inertia of satisfaction with preconceived ideas. Just as a new thought comes to us with a shock which rouses the resistance of our personal conservatism, so a new idea is met and repelled by the conservatism of society.

And as each individual in his own secret heart believes himself in some degree the subject of the favor of the mysterious unseen powers, so does society in all the ages find a mystic or divine warrant for its own attitude toward life or action, whatever that may be.

The institutions that survive spring out of man's need for them. The existence of the church has the divine warrant in this. Should every fragment of the historic churches disappear, every memory, every ceremony, every trace of creed or form, the church would rise again, renewed as to all its essentials; and with each variant race of man there would be a corresponding variation in the form of the church. You could not make Buddhists out of the Puritans, nor transplant the New England Sabbath to the sunny isles of Greece. Monarchy, in turn, exists by the same divine right; and when it fails, the same divinity that hedged the king is invoked to sustain the rights of the people. Once the king was God's anointed, as he still is in many lands. But when God said, "I am tired of kings; I suffer them no more," the self-rule of the people acquired the same divine right—no less, no more, for the warrant rests in the heart of man. We only know God's purposes by what He lets man do. We only know what He wills but what He permits. That which exists in the nature of things men have worshiped as divine, especially if its relations have been dimly understood. Thus, the struggle of science with prejudice and tradition has become a warfare with religion; for men have always sought to strengthen their traditional opinions by giving them a religious sanction.

The history of the progress of science has been the record of the physical resistance of organized

society. "By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track." He who sees that the world does move, is burned at the stake, that other men may be convinced that it does not. He who was sure that the rocks were once molten, finds the force of social pressure between him and his studies. He who would give the sacred books of our civilization the faithful scrutiny their vast importance deserves, finds the doors of libraries and universities closed to his research. He who has seen the relation of man to his brother animals, finds the air filled with the vain chatter of those to whom whatever is natural seems only profane. "Extinguished theologians," Huxley tells us, "lie about the cradle of every science, as the strangled snakes beside that of the infant Hercules."

But this, again, is not the whole story. This fact is only an incident in human development. Not only theologians lie strangled about the giant's cradle, but the learned men of all classes and conditions. Learning and wisdom are not identical; they are not always on speaking terms. Learning looks backward to the past. The word "learn" involves the existence of some man as teacher. Wisdom looks forward to the future. In so far as science is genuine, it is of the nature of wisdom. "To come in when it rains" is the basis of the science of meteorology. To separate "the sheep from the goats" is the function of zoölogy. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," is the practical basis of personal ethics. To be wise is to be ready to act; but learning in all the ages has condemned wisdom and despised action.

I shall try to show that the warfare of science is not primarily, as Draper has called it, a conflict with religion, nor even as President White would have it, a struggle with "Dogmatic Theology." It is all of these, but it is more than these —a conflict of tendencies in the human mind which has worked itself out into history. For all history is written in the human mind before it is brought to light on the great stage of the world. When history is enacted we all perform deeds and recite sentences, "written for us generations before we were born." "He hath his exits and his entrances." He is a rare man who can add a new meaning to his lines or give a better cue to him that follows.

The nervous system of man and animals is primarily a device for making locomotion safe. The mind, using the word in the broadest sense, is the function of the nervous system. It is not an entity existing apart from organization. To it consciousness is related much as the flame is to fire. The mind is in operation whether we realize it or not. The reflex action of the nerve center is the type of all mind processes. Through the sensory nerves impressions of the external world are received by the brain or central ganglion. The brain has no source of knowledge other than this. All human knowledge comes through human experience. The function of the brain is, sitting in darkness, to convert sensory impressions into impulses of action. To this end are developed the motor nerves which pass from the nerve center outward to the muscles. The sensory organs are the brain's sole teachers; the muscles are its only servants. The essence of the intellect, as distinguished from reflex or instinctive action, is the choice among different motor responses to the stimulus of external conditions. As the conditions of life grow more complicated, the possible ways in which sensation may go over into action grow more numerous. It is the function of the intellect to consider these, and of the will to choose. The growth of the intellect causes and permits the complexity of life. The condition of safety in life is to choose the right response. Wrong choice leads to failure and death. The power of choice carries with it the power to choose right, and at the same time the need for doing so.

From this, by the process of natural selection, comes the intense practicality of the senses and the intellect. They tell us the truth as to external things, in so far as this truth has been necessary to the right action of our ancestors. Those of our predecessors who did not "see things as they really are," to the degree that their life processes demanded, have died, leaving no descendants. Our own ancestors, through all the generations, have been creatures of adequate sensations and of adequate power of thought. Were it not so, they would have been unable to cope with their environment. In other words, the sensations their brains translated into action were truthful enough to make action safe. That our ordinary sensations and our deductions from them are truthful so far as they go is shown by the safety found in trusting them. This is shown also by the instruments of precision which are the tools of science. That instruments of precision likewise tell the truth, is shown by the fact that we can trust our lives to them. That they are more trustworthy than the unaided senses, is shown by their greater safety.

But while our senses tell the truth as to familiar things, as rocks and trees, foods and shelter, friends and enemies, they do not tell the whole truth. They go only as far as safety in life has compelled them to go. Chemical composition they do not show. Objects too small to be handled are too small to be seen. Bodies too distant to be reached are never correctly apprehended. Accuracy of sense grows less as the square of the distance increases; and sun and stars, clouds and sky, are in fact very different from what they seem.

Other mental processes arise to produce confusion. Memory pictures readily blend themselves with realities. The nervous system of the one individual is easily affected by the conditions existing in another. Men are gregarious creatures, and their speech gives them the power to add to their own ideas and experiences the ideas and experiences of others. Thus, many actions are based, not on our own sensations, but on the suggestions of others. Readiness of suggestion and the instinct of conventionality are elements of great importance in insuring the safety of gregarious creatures. Thousands of men are saved daily through conventionality. These leave descendants with like instincts and impulses, to play their parts in the drama of life by following the cue given by their neighbors.

With all this, the growth of each individual must be determined by his own experience. "My mind to me a kingdom is." About the sense-impressions formed in my own brain, I must build up my own universe. Thus it comes that each accretion of human knowledge must be thrown into terms of

our previous experience. Stated in these terms, it is always imperfectly stated. By processes of suggestion and conventionality, the ideas of the individual become assimilated to those of the multitude. Thus tradition and myths arise to account for phenomena not clearly related to the ordinary experiences of life. And the unknown in all mythology is ascribed not to natural forces, but to the action of the powers that transcends nature.

It has been evident to man in all ages that there lie about him forces stronger than he, invisible and intangible, inscrutable as to their real nature, but none the less potent to bring about results. He cannot easily trace cause and effect in dealing with these forces, and it is natural that he should doubt the existence of casuality in the phenomena they produce. As the human will seems capricious because the springs of volition are beyond our understanding, so to the unknown will that limits our own has been ascribed an infinite caprice. All races of men capable of continued thought have come to believe in the existence of something outside themselves, whose power is without human limitations. Through the imagination of great poets these forces become personified. The existence of power seems to demand a will. The power is infinitely greater than ours, the sources of action inscrutable; hence man has conceived the unknown first cause as an infinite and unconditioned man. And he could not do otherwise. Anthropomorphism is inevitable, because each man, in his thought, must bring all forces to his own measure. Into his own universe all that he knows must come.

It is perfectly safe, in the ordinary affairs of life, to believe in witches and incantations, imps and elves, astral bodies and odic forces. It is quite as consistent with ordinary virtue and effectiveness to believe in these as it is to have the vague faith in microbes and molecules, mahatmas and protoplasm, in Providence and angels, which form part of the mental outfit of the man of our day. Unless these ideas are brought to "the measure of a man," they cannot be wrought into human action. If they are so brought, they diverge very widely from the actual facts in nature which they represent.

When one comes to handle microbes, they become as real as nutmegs or oranges, and as capable of being the objects of manipulation. But the astral body exists only to those who use it as a cover for real ignorance, and the witches vanish when we turn on the electric light.

Recognition of the hidden but gigantic forces in nature leads men to fear them or to worship them. To think of them, either in fear or worship, is to give them human forms. To grant them the form of man is to give them "a local habitation and a name." As man is a social animal, and not the less so in his hopes and fears, these feelings have given rise to institutions. An institution means a division of labor; so in every age and in every race men have been chosen and set apart as representatives of these hidden forces and devoted to their propitiation. In every nation there are men who are commissioned to speak in the name of each god that is worshiped, or each demon that the people dread.

The existence of each cult of priests is bound up in the perpetuation of the mysteries and traditions they visibly represent. It is the nature of men to magnify their own calling. These traditions are associated with other traditions of other powers, with other conventional explanations of uncomprehended phenomena. While human theories of the earth, the stars, and the clouds, of earthquakes, storms, comets, and disease, have no direct relation to the feeling of worship, yet of necessity they become entangled with it. The uncomprehended, the unfamiliar, and the supernatural are one and the same thing in the mind of man. History shows that the human mind cannot separate one set of traditional prejudices from another.

We come to attach sacredness to the ideas acquired in our youth, whether derived from our own experience or the teachings of our fathers. To those courses of action approved by us as right, we attach a mystic sanction as our best reason for following them. And not only to the acts of virtue approved by the ethical wisdom of all ages, but to the most unimportant rites and ceremonies we attribute the same divine sanction. New ideas, without the sanction of tradition, whatever the nature of their source, must struggle for acceptance. Much that we call our religion to-day is simply the debris of our grandfathers' science. To this debris we cling with special persistence, because it is associated with our conceptions of right-doing and of the motives which control it. Both are part of the mental universe we built around us in our youth, and one in which we would willingly make no changes or extensions.

It is the work of science to find in some degree the real nature of the universe. Its function is to eliminate, as far as may be, the human equation in every statement. By methods of precision of thought and instruments of precision of observation, science seeks to make our knowledge of the small, the distant, the invisible, the mysterious, as accurate as our knowledge of the common things with which man has dealt for ages. It seeks to make our knowledge of common things accurate and precise, that this accuracy and precision may be translated into action. For the ultimate end of science, as well as its initial impulse, is the regulation of human conduct. Seeing true means thinking right. Right thinking means right action. To bring about right action is the end of science. Greater precision of thought and action makes higher civilization possible. Lack of precision in action is the great cause of human misery, for misery is Nature's protest against the results of wrong conduct. The message of science to man is expressed in Huxley's words: "There can be no alleviation of the woes of mankind except in absolute veracity of thought and action, and the absolute facing of the world as it is." "The world as it is," is the province of science. "The God of the things as they are," is the God of the highest heaven. As "the world as it is" to the sane man is glorious, beautiful, noble and divine, so will science be the inspiration of art, poetry, and religion.

The intellectual growth of man has been one long struggle between the ideas of the universe, derived directly from realities and the ideas derived from tradition and suggestion. The record of this struggle is the most valuable part of history. It is the culmination of evolution. In his notable record of this struggle, Dr. John W. Draper has called it "The Conflict between Science and Religion.'

But the inadequacy of this definition has been generally recognized. Any feeling, condition, or aspiration worthy the name of religion must be individual and not collective. Genuine religion can have no such interest in such a struggle, other than this: the triumph of truth breaks the shackles of the individual mind. In free minds, religion finds her natural abode.

President White calls it "The Struggle between Science and Dogmatic Theology, * * * the conflict between two epochs in the evolution of human thought—the theological and the scientific." This idea was years ago crystallized by him in these memorable words:

"In all modern history, interference with science in the supposed interest of religion, no matter how conscientious such interference may have been, has resulted in the direst evils both to religion and to science, and invariably; and on the other hand, all untrammeled scientific investigation, no matter how dangerous to religion some of its stages may have seemed for the time to be, has invariably resulted in the highest good, both of religion and of science."

From the standpoint of history, this struggle has actually been one between organized theology and unorganized science. Preconceived notions of theological science became entangled with crude notions of all other sciences. In the experience of a single human life there is little to correct even the crudest theology. From the supposed greater importance of theology in determining the fate of the individual man, theological conceptions have dominated all others. Throughout the ages the great churches have been the stronghold of conservatism. Religious bodies have formed the great organized army against which the separated bands of science hurled themselves apparently in vain.

But as I have said before, the real essence of conservatism lies not in theology. The whole conflict is a struggle in the mind of man. It exists in human psychology before it is wrought out in human history. It is the struggle of realities against tradition and suggestion. The progress of civilization would still have been just such a struggle, had religion or theology or churches or worship never existed. But this conception is also impossible, because the need for all these is part of the actual life of man.

Intolerance and prejudice are, moreover, not confined to religious organizations. The same spirit that burned Michael Servetus and Giordano Bruno for the heresies of science, led the atheist "liberal" mob of Paris to send to the scaffold the great chemist Lavoisier, "with the sneer, that the republic has no need of savants." The same spirit that leads the orthodox Gladstone to reject natural selection because it "relieves God of the labor of creation," causes the heterodox Hæckel to condemn Weismann's theories of heredity, not because they are at variance with facts, but because such questions are settled once for all by the great philosophic dictum of monism.

There is no better antidote to bigotry than the study of the growth of knowledge. There is no chapter in man's history more encouraging than that which treats of the gradual growth of open-mindedness.

The study of this history will bring religious men to avoid the mistakes of intolerance through a knowledge of the evils to which intolerance has led in the past. Scientific men will be spurred to better work by the record, that through all the ages the relation to realities has been the final test of all ideas. Only that which is true survives. All men will be more sane and more effective in proportion as they realize that no good can come from "wishing to please God with a lie."

We have usually thought of the conflict of science as the struggle of dogmatism to limit knowledge. But another phase of the same struggle is the desire of organized conservatism to limit action. Just as science goes over into action, so does dogmatism pass over into suppression. The struggle for democracy, the rise of the common man, is therefore part of the same great conflict for human freedom.

The desire of dogmatism to control action was in its essence the desire to save men from their own folly. The great historic churches have existed for the benefit of the weak and the poor. By their observances they have stimulated the spirit of devotion. By their commands they have brought men to safe action. By their condemnations they have held men from the grasp of vice and crime.

But the control of action by an institution is irksome to the man who thinks for himself. Whoever thinks for himself must act for himself. He is no longer subject to "sealed orders," even though their origin be divine. And the command "to work out his own salvation" in such way as he may, is fatal to his salvation through the means provided by the Church.

As it is natural that man should create the Church out of his own need for it, so is it natural that he should struggle against its control when he shall need it no longer. The freedom of man's soul is the goal of intellectual progress. It is "that far-off divine event, toward which the whole Creation moves." It is, therefore, in the highest degree natural, and to call it supernatural is to say the same thing, that man should cast off the fetters of traditional sanction and trace for himself his path in life, as he has traced for himself the paths of molecules and planets.

"As a snowdrift arises when there is a lull in the wind," Thoreau tells us, "so when there is a lull in the truth, institutions spring up. By and by the wind blows over them and sweeps them away."

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Elusive Presence.

And didst thou come, thou long-lost longed-for one,
That day, when, thinking not of thee, I cried
For respite from my foes on every side—
Didst point the refuge whither I could run?
And didst thou come, that evening drear and dun,
When thinking not of thee—too sorely tried,
I looked and saw the western clouds divide,
And the fair setting of the full-orbed sun?
And didst thou come on that dark, sighing dawn,
Shadowed with troubles of the day to be,
When, suddenly, obeying thy still call,
Were all those surging fears dismissed and gone!
And dost thou come all hours and blessing all,
Except the hour when most I think of thee?

—*Edith M. Thomas in the September Century*

The father and his three children were to give a Christmas present to the mother, and the youngest was selected to make the address of presentation. She prepared it carefully, and delivered it thus: "Dear mamma, this gift is presented to you by your three children and your one husband."—*Selected.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—An aim, an ideal of some sort, you must have, if you have reason to look before and after.

MON.—By the ideal that a man loves, and by his persistency in cleaving to it and working for it, shall you know what he really is.

TUES.—The ends of culture, truly conceived, are best attained by forgetting culture and aiming higher.

WED.—Seek first the advancement of the kingdom of God and truth for its own sake; this embraces the true good of man and every other good thing.

THURS.—If we have any desire to grow in spiritual growth, the first thing to be done is to face conscience.

FRI.—To follow out the light we have is the only way to get more light.

SAT.—It is trust, not criticism, that the soul lives by.

J. C. Shairp, LL. D.

A Cradle Song.

Sing it, Mother! sing it low:
  Deem it not an idle lay.
In the heart 'twill ebb and flow
  All the lifelong way.

Sing it, Mother! softly sing,
  While he slumbers on thy knee;
All that after years may bring
  Shall flow back to thee.

Sing it, Mother, Love is strong!
  When the tears of manhood fall,
Echos of thy cradle song
  Shall its peace recall.

Sing it, Mother! when his ear
  Catcheth first the Voice Divine,
Dying, he may smile to hear
  What he deemeth thine.

—Father Tabb.

Buffalo Bill and the Children.

In the Boston Children's Hospital two summers ago, on one of the hot June days, when all the little convalescents who were able always crowded about the open windows, it chanced that a horseback band of Buffalo Bill's warriors passed by on their way to the show grounds.

The wildest excitement immediately took possession of the small invalids. Those who could see eagerly ran and described the procession to those who could not leave their cots.

A little later one wee lad, bed-ridden by spinal trouble, was discovered crying bitterly on account of the lost treat. A kindly nurse endeavored to soothe him; and, trying to plan some little occupation that would divert him from his grief, she told him that he might write to Col. Cody, the great "Buffalo Bill" himself, and ask him for a real Indian's picture.

No sooner said than begun. A simple little letter was sent, telling how he could not see the Indians when they went by the hospital, and how he wished he had a photograph of one of the band; but the long day passed, and brought no answer to the weary, waiting little fellow in his cot.

"Col. Cody must be a busy man," said the sympathetic nurse, for the twentieth time, on the second morning. "We must wait patiently." But, even while she was speaking, the ward door opened; and in came a six-foot Indian, painted and wrapped in a scarlet blanket, wearing a cap of tall waving feathers and leather trousers and carrying his bow in his hand.

The little invalids fairly gasped. Then they shrieked out with delight, as, one by one, silent and noiseless, but smiling, six splendid warriors followed the first.

That made seven in all; and, like a well-trained regiment, they drew up in a line, and gravely saluted the nurse. The poor woman was too much scared to speak. But the children continued to scream their pleasure.

The strange visitors had evidently received explicit orders; for now they ranged themselves, as best they could, in the narrow space between the two rows of little beds, laid their blankets and bows on the floor, waved their arms to and fro, and proceeded to give a quiet war dance! Then they sang! And then they fought a sham battle, smiling all the while! When at last they went away, a heartfelt cheer followed them down the broad corridor; and the happy children in the hospital talked about shows and Buffalo Bill for weeks after.—*Mary Boyle O'Reilly, in "Little Men and Woman."*

Dudes and "Mother's Boys."

If the unfortunate people who gloat over sensational romances can be wooed to read anything else,—for instance, true tales of daring deeds,—the events of the present war may tend to dispel certain of their illusions and supply them with some new ideals.

These students of ferocious fiction have always imagined heroes as rough in appearance and manner; careless, if not profane, in speech, and not at all strict as to habits. They have appeared to cherish the notion that bravery flourished best when unaccompanied by any other virtue.

It will surprise such persons to learn that, long ago, the hero of Manila was nicknamed by his intimates, "Dandy Dewey." Stranger yet,—so, at least, they may think,—the young lieutenant who took the *Merrimac* into Santiago harbor was always proud to be known as a "mother boy." Both of these officers are members of the church, and Hobson was an active worker in the Young Men's Christian Association.

These are facts that may make silly people wonder. But the people who have studied character as expressed in human lives are not surprised that men like Dewey and Hobson were first to gain renown. All experience teaches that, when hoodlums would bluster and run away, the man who rises to an emergency is the quiet, modest, God-fearing gentleman who respects his body and realizes that he has a soul.

Sharp.

A story is told of a lord and a clergyman who were once driving together, and passed the city jail. The lord turned to his companion and jokingly said:

"Where would you be, sir, if that jail had its due?"

Without a second's hesitation his companion smilingly responded, "Riding alone, I fear."

—Youth's Companion.

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Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

To the New Unity:

As I leave to-day this beautiful Hill, with its wealth of natural scenery and its air of whole-hearted social intercourse, I desire to say a word concerning the Summer School just closed. It has been characterized by a high grade of enthusiastic students and most excellent teachers. The "Nature Studies" this year conducted by those who have been in first hand contact with the beauties and verities they taught of, have been pursued in field and forest, holding the students with keenest interest from first to last. The studies of the few great poems reaching from George Eliot's "Agatha" through Emerson's "May Day" and "Monadnoc," Browning's "By the Fireside" and other love poems, Whitman's "Open Road," "The Pioneers," "Drum Taps," etc., to Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" and "McAndrew's Hymn," as interpreted by Mr. Jones, have proved an unfailing source of delight and helpfulness. The evening lectures on sociological fiction and other timely topics have awakened much serious thought and earnest discussion. Add to this the tender reverence and uplifting influence of the Sunday services, the perfect community of feeling, the jovial companionship, the ease, simplicity and graceful naturalness of it all, and you have what would seem a true application of Emerson's word about "Plain living and high thinking." Here, the galling little distinctions so often emphasized in petty social arrangements are forever absent.

To the one who would rest eye and ear in Mother Nature's beauty and stillness, re-create mind and heart with high thinking and helpful love, Tower Hill is a veritable tonic. Such a blessing has it been to me and such possibilities do I see here for a valuable midsummer training for teachers in pulpit and class room, that I am led to urge a wider advertisement and larger application of its excellencies. In these days of Institutes, Retreats and Associations of many kinds, through which the members of all the professions seek to renew and enlarge their equipment, is it not a time when ministers, particularly those young in the profession, should gather together to compare notes and by mutual study gain new efficiency and a larger grasp of their work, especially if thereby they would also secure the restorations that come to body and mind in such quiet haunts of nature, isolated and beautiful, as Tower Hill offers. I make this suggestion as an outsider, as one who, having found what he needed beyond his expectation, wishes that others might enter into the same privileges. I see great possibilities in this, hence I venture the suggestion and if it should fall under the eye of any brother minister who would like to know more about a unique school, I would be glad to correspond with the same.

FRED V. HAWLEY,
Pastor of Unitarian Church of Jackson, Mich.

Tower Hill, August 29, 1898.

It was the pleasure of the writer to spend a few days at this Summer resort, and the only regret was in not planning for the time of two weeks or for the full season. Mr. Jones says this is a "resort without resorters," but this is in only one sense of the case, for the quiet of fifty or a hundred campers is better than the din of a thousand; and then again this is a new old spot for the Summer boarder seeking rest and recreation. The geologist may tell us aproximately how many years the Wisconsin river has bathed the feet of the sandstone cliffs which at this point rear their bald face perpendicularly nearly a hundred feet, and then again slope off to the river bank in a wild jungle of bush and fern and creeping vines. One of strong limb and full breath can climb these hights by bush and tree, or by a more circuitous path gain the ruins of the old shot tower, where more than sixty years ago shot was made and transported on boats to St. Louis and other river towns.

This, then, is some of the modern antiquity which lends a historic charm to "Tower Hill" and affords a good chapter in the history of Wisconsin. Its conveniences are ample for those who need rest and healthful recreation. Pure air, pure water and country milk, with two weeks in nature studies with woods and birds, rocks and trees, together with scientific and practical lectures on live subjects and in contact with live things, should make this one of the best places in the entire Northwest to build up body and mind; and it seems to me from the standpoint of one along in years that this is just the place for classes of teachers to study nature and some of nature's methods at first hand. The company's grounds comprise about sixty acres in trees, lawn, wildwood and rocky glens. The view from the Tower Hill proper is extended for many miles away until the hill range in three counties is plainly visible like that of three States from Lookout Mountain in Tennesee, while the broad expanse of the Wisconsin river winds in and out from woods and prairie at your feet; now hid and now revealed in the August twilight like a sea of glass.

Room rent or tent ground is furnished by the company at reasonable rates, while good table board by the day or week is as cheap as can be obtained at any first-class boarding house. The quiet of home life pervades the assembly, and the morning bells and evening vespers proclaim God over all and in all, and we all are but His creatures, are the morning and evening song of the tenters on Tower Hill. B. S. HOXIE.

Evansville, Wis.

LUVERNE, MINN. After an interim of several years filled with active work on the part of pastor and people, Rev. Eliza T. Wilkes has resumed the pastorate of Unity Church in this place, and we are sure that there is happiness on both sides occasioned by this return to early love.

COLOMBO, CEYLON. Countess Canavarro has just renounced her high position in life and family to put herself at the head of a convention of Buddist nuns in this city. The Journals of the Maha-Bodhi Society published in Calcutta, speaks of this step as indicating a new movement among the women who honor Buddha and thinks the celebration of the event on April last is to become historic. Our friend Dharmapala was visiting his native city at that time and celebrating the twenty-four hundred and forty-second anniversary of Buddha's Nirvana. It is expected that Mr. Dharmapala is to undertake another extensive tour this fall, visiting the Buddhist country of Birma, Siam and Japan. He is still actively engaged in working towards a Parliament of Religions in Benares in 1900.

LITHIA SPRINGS ASSEMBLY.—Among the other attractions Brother Douthit offered to the throng that gathered at Lithia Springs was a Keeley Symposium. Colonel Reed of the *Banner of Gold* was permitted to present the claims of the Keeley cure, and it was followed up by an animated discussion of the give-and-take order, Brother Douthit confessing that for some time he "had been very doubtful about the Keeley cure, but was convinced that it was doing a great work for humanity."

Books Received.

TRAVELS IN TARTARY, THIBIT AND CHINA. By M. Huc. Vols. I. and II. pp. 326 and 342. Illustrated. Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL. By Carl H. Cornhill. pp. 325. Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. $1.50.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO DARWIN. By Woods Hutchinson. pp. 241. Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. $1.50.

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On account of the meeting of the I. O. O. F. Sovereign Grand Lodge at Boston, September 19 to 24 the Wabash Railroad will sell excursion tickets from Chicago to Boston and return at $19.00 (one fare) for the round trip. Tickets good going September 16, 17 and 18; good to leave Boston, returning, not later than September 30th, 189 . Wabash tickets will be good via rail or boat between Detroit and Buffalo at option of passengers. The Wabash new "Continental Limited," leaving Chicago every day at 12:02 noon, will place you in Boston next afternoon at 5:50,—only one night on the road.

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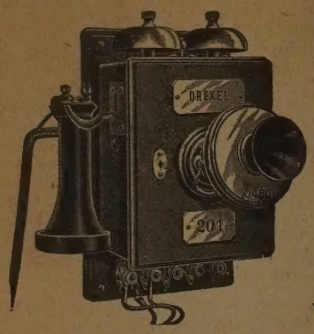

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